

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE,  
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# Spirit of the Age.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Temperance, Morality, Literature, Agriculture and General Intelligence.

VOL. IV.

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NO. 23.

## A Mother's Love.

Who is there that does not acknowledge  
and bow in reverence to a mother's love?  
What is it that causes the eye to fill—that  
refuses utterance to speech, and overwhelms  
with utter loneliness in the midst of life?  
Deny it not, true at heart; it is the sacred-  
ness of a mother's love—felt through long  
years it may be; yet always pure, ever sac-  
red, blessing and refreshing! Gentle mot-  
et! tenderest, truest, best of friends! con-  
stant in love, in weal or woe—in deformity  
or health, in honor or shame—through evil  
and good report—thy affection knows no  
change nor the shadow of turning. Bless-  
ings on thee! Earliest memories link togeth-  
er and throw holiness on thy name. Sacred  
to the heart is the memory of a mother's  
love!

Such were the reflections suggested by an  
incident in the great drama of life. A poor  
victim to intemperance was staggering home-  
wards—no, he knew not whither!—when he  
fell heavily to the earth. Stunned and bruised  
by the fall, he lay for a moment insensib-  
le, but assistance soon restored him to con-  
sciousness, and to a sense of extreme degra-  
dation.

'I thank you, gentlemen,' said he falter-  
ing, 'it was a hard fall, but I am better now.  
I have had many such. It is nothing when  
you get used to it!' and he laughed as he  
prepared to start again on his way.

'What a pity,' remarked a spectator 'that  
you should thus abuse your manhood by  
selfish indulgence in strong drink.'

'You're a temperance lecturer, I suppose  
sneered the inebriate.

'No, friend,' replied the gentleman, 'I am  
not a temperance lecturer—at least, not one  
professedly. Nevertheless, I neglect no op-  
portunity to speak a word in aid of that hon-  
est cause.'

'You're a preacher, then, maybe?'

'No.'

'Well, whatever you are, I want none of  
your advice.'

'I merely meant it for your good,' mildly  
answered the gentleman. 'Are you mar-  
ried?'

'No.'

'You have sisters and brothers?'

'Yes, but they don't know me now.'

'Have you a father?'

'No. He died many years since.'

'A mother?'

'There was a deep silence.

'You do not answer. Have you a moth-  
er?'

'The silence that ensued was broken by the  
sobs of the wretched man. 'O God—O  
God!' he exclaimed—'she, too, is dead! I  
broke her poor heart many years since by  
misconduct. My poor, poor mother! So  
good and so kind—so gentle and forgiving!'  
and he smote his breast in the bitterness of  
his anguish.

Unhappy man—oh, how unhappy at that  
moment! Through all the vicissitudes of life,  
a mother's love had followed him—entreat-  
ing, urging, imploring him to forsake evil,  
and cling only unto that which is right. In  
vain had she striven—he had gone on blind-  
ly, perversely, recklessly, until now he was  
broken down in health, fortune and reputa-  
tion, an outcast from society, disowned by  
his own flesh and blood. Yet in the midst of  
this accumulation of wretchedness, there  
came reproachfully, yet full of love, a moth-  
er's voice, sweet and sad, and the heart low-  
ed in grief to its mute appeal.

Honor to Woman! Without her smiles,  
the world would lose its brightness—soci-  
ety's charm would exist no longer—Christi-  
anity would languish without her aid and  
approval.

'In whose principles,' said the dying  
daughter of Ethan Allen to her skeptical  
father, 'in whose principles shall I die—  
yours, or those of my Christian mother?'

'The stern old hero of Ticconderoga brushed  
a tear from his eyes as he turned away, and  
with the same rough voice which summoned  
the British to surrender, now tremulous with  
deep emotion, said:

'IN YOUR MOTHER'S, CHILD—IN YOUR  
MOTHER'S!'

INFLUENCE OF DEPARTED FRIENDS.—O  
how elevating is this thought! In the fever  
of life, when the head is hot, and the heart  
beats fast, how good is it to pause a moment,  
and think of those who are removed from the  
contagion of our excitement; who are no  
longer jostled about by a society at war with  
itself and with nature! Without such medi-  
tations to cheer our distracted existence, I  
know not how we could live. The soul longs  
for a taste of full activity, yet harmonious  
and calm. But few can attain to it here;  
yet we all have its promise in those rare  
moments, when lifted to the heights of our  
being by prayer, or enthusiasm, or quiet, as-  
cending contemplation, we know the mean-  
ing of that word which expresses the last re-  
sult of Christian discipline—peace.

At such times, the thought of those who  
have gone before us is seldom absent. How  
superior an influence like this to that we ex-  
ert upon each other in our every day exist-  
ence. It is not true that our friends in the  
spiritual world are the only true ones; for  
never with them do we hold intercourse in  
our moments of weakness, but in our hours  
of lofty endeavor and virtuous elevation.

As when the sun is resting below the hori-  
zon, we may climb to the mountain top, and  
standing in the dazzling light, seem to those  
below us transfigured; so, upon the loftiest  
summits of our being rests a light from the  
spiritual world; and at times we are per-  
mitted to stand in it; then our souls are  
cheered and purified, and our faces become  
like the faces of angels; we are in the  
presence of God and the departed good,  
and those around us hang upon our words  
as utterances of inspiration!

Blessed be those who in another world  
still think of us, and thus transport us with  
their presence! We would not call them  
back, but by prayer and purification would  
go to them.—Extract—Rose of Sharon.

A GOOD PLEDGE.—A friend hands us the  
following, which he says was picked up from  
a file of old papers:

'Notice to all, is hereby given,  
That one whom appetite has driven  
in former times, to strange excesses,  
His change of purpose, thus expresses:  
Resolved, Therefore, in time to come,  
To drink no brandy, gin or rum,  
Whiskey, or cider, wine, or beer;  
But keep my mind, and stomach clear,  
From these intoxicating 'critters';  
'That formerly we drank as bitters;  
Being convinced that since the flood,  
To man, they do more harm than good  
Dated at Rockton, and the time,  
Is March, fifteenth, forty-nine;  
This, I heretofore will maintain,  
Witness my hand, ALEXIS CRAIG.'

everything, if it will save you from public dis-  
grace—such disgrace!

'Then may heaven forgive me!' faltered  
the wretched man, suddenly awakening to a  
sense of the enormity of his double crime.

'You who have brought the keenest anguish  
to a father's heart—you, daughter of Lelia  
Stanton—who I love better than anything  
else on earth—better than my life—my  
blessed, my adored child—you are the off-  
spring of an unlawful marriage. Now curse  
me, and let me die!'

'No, no; I cannot curse you! If I do  
not, I will not; and rising hastily, she  
flung her white arms around her father's  
neck, while the stern judge wept like a child.

'Are you satisfied with the wreck you  
have made? Does the misery of this poor  
child annul the debt?' he continued hoarsely,  
turning to Rosa, who stood with quivering  
lips. 'This angel was soon to be united with  
an honorable man, allied to a proud family;  
but now that my name is sullied, how can  
he wed her? O! my God! is justice sat-  
isfied?'

Lifting her hand with a deprecating move-  
ment, Rosa only murmured, 'My mother!'  
then, with blanched cheek and streaming  
eyes, she left them abruptly.

'This will be a secret with me, Judge,'  
said the sheriff, much affected.

'Thank you, from my heart, Courtney;  
but it will not. The girl, if she has the di-  
abolical temper of her mother, will leave no  
means untold to make it public. But I de-  
serve it; and he wrung his friend's hand;

'I deserve it Courtney, and for myself I  
could bear the shame; but this sweet child  
must suffer for her father's sin. It is a hard  
thought.'

'We may suffer together,' whispered  
Grace. 'I, poor child, she was scarcely con-  
scious she lived.'

## CHAPTER VII.

'In that dark hour, how the frantic soul  
Raves round the walls of her day's torment.'

The Ride—The sin of the father visited on the  
child—An Incident—The Desperate Man—Time-  
ly Intrusion—Gossip—The Maniac—Generous  
Lover—The Search for the Lost one—The Cave.

Rosa urged her steed at a rapid pace down  
a dangerous declivity. A most beautiful  
ravine had tempted her rashness; and the  
chancellor, more gallant than daring, had  
followed her at the risk of his bones.

Her delight was unbounded, and her lover  
felt amply rewarded by her expressions of  
intense delight, as she surveyed the little  
enchanted spot.

'It revives my fairy tale days,' she said,  
joyously. 'This is just the spot for the tiny  
creatures to hold their court in, and I am  
almost inclined to come here some moon-  
light evening and surprise them at their  
revels. By the way, I am getting in love  
with this wild western life; what do you say  
to a winter's sojourn? It will be a novelty  
to me, you know, to see hill top and tree-  
top sparkling in their crystal robes.'

'You will perish!' replied her devoted  
lover, reining up his steed as the beautiful  
woman paused for a moment.

'Not I,' she answered, laughing merrily.  
'I verily believe that, among the Arctic re-  
gions, my heart would keep my body warm;  
don't you?' and she gazed merrily into the  
chancellor's face.

'I would willingly go that distance for  
the sake of possessing such a heart,' said he  
gallantly.

Her reply was a ringing laugh, and she  
dashed on with such eagerness that her com-  
panion, who bestowed a heavy and some-  
what dull animal, could with difficulty keep  
pace with her.

'Have you heard anything further of the  
judge?' she asked again, turning her bril-  
liant face towards the chancellor.

'Only that he keeps himself in seclusion,  
and has resigned his office.'

'Is this affair generally known?'

'It appears to be. I learn that your father  
is making preparations to move further  
back.'

'That will be well,' and Rosa sighed un-  
consciously. More than once the image of  
that fair haired girl had intruded itself be-  
tween her and happiness; more than many  
times she had felt that the gratification was  
a bitter one; but she satisfied her conscience  
by saying, 'He shall suffer till I think prop-  
er to release him. He deserves all.'

Grace was still pale and silent; she con-  
versed but little; she was drooping daily.  
Herman saw the change, and with a stoical  
determination prepared himself for the worst.

Grace had received a letter from Horace, full  
of the most endearing terms, yet manly and  
consistent. He deplored that he must delay  
his return, perhaps till spring. His honored  
father had deceased, and left his affairs much  
embarrassed. He wrote as if full of trouble,  
and lamented his loss in terms of the most  
heartfelt grief.

It came like a sad foreboding to the deso-  
late spirit of the suffering girl. Alas! how  
had her young life been suddenly darkened!  
This, then, was the substance of the shadow  
which had so long cast its darkness over her  
soul. O, how sad it seemed, that she, the  
gentle, harmless child of a sainted mother,  
should feel constantly such bitter, intense  
anguish, so terrible that at times she longed  
for death.

Nor yet did she for once find it in her  
heart to hate the author of her misery. No,  
her pure love turned with a steady, undying  
flame for the guilty father. The more he  
was seathed with fires of remorse, the more  
she yearned towards him. But she had  
grown so sensitive that she secluded herself  
almost constantly; her drooping eye was  
seldom raised in mute reply to the thought  
of another; she shrank from contact even  
with her dearest friends—all of whom sought  
her society for her own sweet sake, and with  
the affection of olden times. Every day this  
gloom and melancholy increased. She be-  
came sensible of a peculiar nervous dread at  
the sight of her nearest associates; and so

painful was its nature that her whole being  
thrilled with cold horror, and she would often  
fly to some dark corner and weep unre-  
strainedly.

The letters of her lover, impassioned tho' they  
were, would send that undimable  
shudder through all her veins—the same  
mysteries, creeping awe, the same fainting  
at the heart,—and she would wish, ardently  
as she loved Horace, that she could bury  
herself from human sight and sound.

These impressions or forebodings—call  
them what you will—gained fearfully upon  
her. The scarcely perceptible tinge faded  
wholly from her cheek, leaving it marbled  
and thinner; and a line of purple, in no  
way marred the steeliness of her youthful  
face, had settled around her eyes.

'Grace,' said Herman Stanton, one day,  
as he sat watching the poor girl's white fin-  
gers, busy with her work; 'would you like  
to go back in the woods, where we might  
live by ourselves till the return of Horace?'

'Could you bear the seclusion of a forest life?'

'Oh, father! if you will! exclaimed his  
daughter, clasping her hands, and gazing  
fixedly upon him; 'I shall be happy again,  
she would have said; but the words died in  
her heart, and she murmured instead,—

'Since grandfather died, I have longed to  
go from this place.'

'I was looking at a very comfortable little  
cabin last week, some ten miles from here,  
eastward. It is owned by Hartley, and  
much dilapidated, but can be repaired, and  
made quite a convenient residence.'

'Let us go, father.'

'And when Horace comes back.'

Grace shuddered, perceptibly; her father  
hesitated, and did not resume his sentence.

Both felt a vague and uncomfortable fear,  
which neither dared divulge to the other.—  
As they sat in silence, there came a sound  
of horse's feet tramping furiously over the  
ground.

They turned to the window; a high met-  
tled steed dashed past, his reins dangling  
after him, the thick foam dripping from his  
lips, his wild eye distended and glaring;—  
on he fled as if a legion of pursuers were  
after him.

A lady's saddle hung dripping from his  
reeking side.

'He has thrown some one, father,' shrieked  
Grace, in terror.

'See,' was his answer, pointing to a crowd  
gathered a few feet from their dwelling.

There was a great uproar; Judge Stan-  
ton's name was vociferated. 'Yes,' to Judge  
Stanton's chimed a dozen voices. Grace  
looked trembling from the window; two  
or three men were lifting the body of a fe-  
male from the ground; they bore the bur-  
den on, and paused at the Judge's entrance.

'Bring her in,' exclaimed Herman, hasten-  
ing to the door, while with face half-averted,  
Grace stood timidly near.

They bore the woman up the steps. Her  
long black hair all unbound hung in spotted  
masses over the face, nearly hiding its out-  
line. They laid her, helpless and moaning,  
upon the low study couch, and Grace, with  
unsteady fingers, and nearly closed eyes,  
loosened the corsage of the rich habit, and  
then slinking at the gasping breath of the  
sufferer, except from the bedside to make way  
for the physician.

Judge Stanton—he still bore the prefix,  
had just entered the room as the doctor  
parted the matted hair, and threw it back  
from the ghastly face upon the pillow. With  
one look, his own face blanched, he shut  
his eyes, shuddered, and breathed a whis-  
pered groan. Grace heard it; her quick  
woman's instinct divined the cause. She  
moved slowly by the side of the physician;  
a suffocating weight oppressed her brain as  
she beheld the never-to-be-forgotten face of  
Rosa, her father's child. Even in her distor-  
tion of feature, the pale woman was very  
beautiful, and for an instant the thought in-  
truded itself, how could he desert one whom  
she must resemble? In another moment a  
sense of utter formlessness came over her; and  
when she saw Herman bend over his in-sen-  
sible child, and even press his hand upon her  
pallid forehead, when she marked the ex-  
pression of tenderness that lighted up his  
sad countenance, and the large tears shining  
in his gloomy eyes, her strength left her, her  
sight grew dim, she heard only the beating  
of her own heart, and slunk into a seat, lost  
in painful reverie.

Not that she was jealous for a moment,  
or feared that the beautiful stranger would  
become an usurper; it was a feeling of utter  
desolation.

'O! that I could die,' she mentally ejac-  
ulated, again and again.

A faint moan parted the lips of the suffer-  
er, and with effort unclosing her eyelids, she  
whispered, 'where am I?'

'You are safe,' answered the physician,  
motioning to the Judge to stand aside, but  
not before she had detected his presence.

'Carry me home; I will not stay here,'  
she exclaimed, faintly.

'Your wounds are serious; at present you  
cannot be moved.'

'Carry me home; I had rather die than  
stay here; I will not stay here,' she ex-  
claimed, again rallying all her strength for  
the effort.

'Come and speak to her,' murmured the  
physician to Grace, thinking that her face,  
all gentleness as it was, would subdue the  
haughty creature; he saw by the rolling  
eye of the invalid, that delirium was near.

Grace, scarcely conscious of what she was  
doing, moved to her side, as directed.

'Who are you?' shrieked Rosa, glaring  
at her with distended eyeballs, as her sen-  
ses evidently wandered; then turning to the  
physician, and fastening her wild black eyes  
upon him, she exclaimed in a thrilling voice,  
'Would you send me this —' she used a  
chilling word.

Poor Grace! with one loud, piercing, agon-  
izing cry, she fell on the floor. That word,  
the terror of her life! a revenge had done its  
work—Grace was a maniac!

Again and again her agonizing shriek sound-  
ed through the room. It was the thrilling  
wail of a gentle heart broken. Judge Stan-  
ton raised her rigid form from the floor,  
praying for his sake, for Heaven's sake,  
to desist, but nothing could soothe her.

With eyes uplifted, hands clutching con-  
vulsively at the empty air, her cheeks made  
fearfully hollow by the distention of her  
mouth, every feature fixed and white, she  
uttered scream after scream till her unnat-  
ural strength failed her, and she fell fainting  
and helpless into the arms of her distracted  
father.

A great and curious crowd had gathered  
about the house. 'Send them away, send  
them away!' he shouted; and as the doctor  
left the room to disperse the people, he bore  
his child to another apartment, and placing  
her upon the floor, locked the door, then  
with a firm, determined countenance, took  
from a private drawer his pistol, and com-  
menced deliberately loading them.

'Forgive me Heaven, for I am a desper-  
ate man,' he muttered, while his breath  
came hard and his eyes shone unnaturally; 'I  
am desperate, and kneeling, imprinted a  
passionate kiss upon the cold forehead of  
his child, grasped one of the murderous wea-  
pons, and was bearing it with a firm hand  
to her temple, when a cloaked, half-audible  
voice exclaimed, 'Oh! sir—don't murder  
her, sir—don't harm her, oh! mercy—have  
mercy.'

Turning furiously, the frenzied father con-  
fronted the lid face of the frightened house-  
keeper; her teeth chattered with terror as  
she half shrank from, half bent towards him.

'Woman, what business have you here?'

he exclaimed furiously.

'—Oh! excuse me—do sir; be merciful  
to me and excuse me; I came here to listen,  
sir; I didn't intend no harm; I heard the  
noise and I was frightened for Miss Grace,  
sir; then I came to the back door from that  
moment gathered over her face, she  
threw forward her arms, and in a voice so  
hoarse and choked with agitation as to re-  
semble a howl, rather than human articula-  
tion, she strove to shriek 'murder.'

Hush! woman; be silent! tell you; she  
is saved; and he drew a deep, sobbing sigh;  
'Thank God you have saved us both; I am  
myself now—I was wild, I believe—you  
have saved me from a crime, darker, deeper,  
than any—all the rest! Keep this to your-  
self; if you would not ruin me; Heaven,  
how have I been tempted. My poor dove  
—see; she opens her eyes—speak to her;  
oh! the foul heart that could ruin so sweet  
a creature.'

'A—what—did you say? oh! father,  
never take me to your bosom again; oh! I  
—do not—leave me, Horace—dear Hor-  
ace; you know I cannot be your wife now.'

Herman Stanton threw himself upon his  
knees and buried his face in his hands.

'Father, where are you?'

'Here, my beloved one; he sobbed, com-  
pletely overpowered.

Half lifting herself from the floor, she  
murmured, beseechingly, 'Father, who is  
this dark woman that stands mocking me?'

her cold eyes are fastened upon me; do you  
hear her, she curses me? do you hear? and  
she covered her ears with her delicate hands.

'Grace, there is no one here but your fa-  
ther? Grace, you do not see her now, be-  
cause Grace, and listen to me.'

'She is angry; she threatens me; she  
shrieked the poor girl, cowering down; 'father,  
hold me; shield me; carry me away from  
this terrible place—how could you father—  
oh, how could you? and Horace too—I am  
insulted, despised by every body; no longer  
worthy; no longer honorable; and for the  
first time, blessed tears came to her relief.

Herman raised her tenderly, and held her in  
his arms, ever and anon wiping the burning  
drops from her face.

'Dear heart,' whispered the housekeeper,  
holding her apron to her eyes.

'Miss Anna?' she continued, quickly  
'did you ever feel great coils of fire on your  
brain, I see them burning,' and she pressed  
her folded hands over her temples—'so heavy  
they are, I cannot hold my head up.'

'Come to your room, darling, and lie  
down; they will not trouble you then, per-  
haps,' murmured the housekeeper, taking  
both her passive hands.

Grace obeyed, and as she left the apart-  
ment, turned once and smiled upon her fa-  
ther—oh! such a smile; it was worse than  
the keenest reproach; it thrilled him to his  
heart's core; it was a sentence of judgment  
upon him; more fatal than any earthly cur-  
se could pronounce. Poor wretch—he had  
sowed the wind—he was reaping the whirl-  
wind.

Rosa was calm the moment she heard the  
heart-rending shrieks of her unfortunate sis-  
ter. She only heaved and implored to be  
taken away; and although the physician  
feared that her removal might be attended  
with serious consequences, he yielded to her  
solicitations, dreading the setting in of fever.

'Will she recover?' asked the chancellor  
telling a lie, and I will not disbelieve him  
now.'

The sweetest balm to the orphan heart,  
contemplating the tomb of a departed pa-  
rent, is to be able to lift the heart to God,  
and feel, as in his presence, that the heart  
which now lies cold in death was never grieved  
by disobedience from the surviving child.

On the contrary, how sad it is to feel that  
perhaps our unkindness may have hastened  
to carry down those 'grey hairs with sorrow  
to the grave.'

DIOTRY.—Phillips the Irish orator, in one  
of his speeches, gives a most vivid personifi-  
cation of bigotry. It is as follows:

'Bigotry has no head, and cannot feel;  
when she pauses, it is amid ruin; her pray-  
ers are curses; her communion is death;  
her vengeance is eternity; her decalogue is  
written in the blood of her victims; if she  
stoops for a moment from her infernal flight,  
it is upon some kindred rock to whet her  
fang for keener rapine, and replume her wing  
for a more sanguinary depredation.'

'Ay! that she is, I never saw anything  
like it, but if she ain't got one fiery temper

## Choice Literature.

From the New-York Organ.

## THE CREOLE WIFE.

A ROMANCE OF THE WEST.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

The next day, early in the morning, Grace,  
calm, but pale, followed her father into the  
study, and hesitating as he sat down by his  
writing desk, she said very softly, 'Father,  
you will forgive me that I put any faith in  
that letter yesterday; I am afraid I said  
some strange things.'

Judge Stanton started, and turned his  
keen eye upon her.

'You look so very sick this morning, dear  
father, so pale and haggard—indeed it must  
be very hard, very, to be charged by your  
child with such a crime—do forgive me  
father, I think I was hardly in my right  
mind—indeed it all seems like a dream—like  
a painful dream; she murmured, striving to  
smile.

She had but ceased to speak when Sheriff  
Courtney entered the room hastily in com-  
pany with a lady, closely veiled; he looked  
extremely agitated, and approaching Her-  
man, said, 'My dear sir, this is very painful  
to me, pardon me—and above all, explain  
the meaning of the strange situation in which  
I find myself unexpectedly placed. I say it  
with reluctance, sir, but I am forced to arrest  
you at the instance of this lady, who perhaps  
you recognize.'

Grace, half fainting, had sunk back upon  
a chair; the judge sprang from his seat,  
stamped upon the floor, and gazed furiously  
around him.

'What means this interference?' he asked  
in tones whose startling emphasis had often  
made the guilty turn white with terror.—  
'Why is the sanctity of my home invaded,  
and the feelings of my child made sport for  
your reckless fancies? Am I the Judge of this  
community? or the tool of every foreign  
imposter that chooses to blast my fair fame?'

I warn you, and his lips, deathly pale, were  
covered with froth; his eyes glaring with  
maniac fury. 'I warn you that I will not  
abide this and sport much longer.'

Rosa alone dared to face him; she threw  
back the thick veil that clouded her beauty,  
and fixing those glittering eyes upon him till  
he quailed, she said, in low determined tones,  
'Do you dare call me an imposter? Look  
again upon my face—these garments; and  
her shawl falling to the floor displayed her  
mother's bridal attire.

Grace flung herself at his feet, and grasped  
his knees. 'Dear father,' she exclaimed,  
'who is this strange woman?—oh! my poor  
head is so dizzy—what is the matter with  
you? with me, father? why has the sheriff  
come? why do they persecute us thus? they  
surely will not take you to prison, dear fa-  
ther—they cannot make me believe my father  
is a criminal; and she turned her eyes full  
of tears towards Sheriff Courtney, who hard-  
ly less in the dark than herself, looked on  
in surprise.

'I only know, Grace, that I have orders to  
indict the judge,' he said in a less steady  
tone.

'O! you will not take him from me. What  
has he done? not that—not that,' she said  
wildly, her mind for a moment referring to  
the cruel document of yesterday. 'Father,  
don't glare so—if you know how you distress  
me—oh! what an awful hour it is—father  
speak—don't glare so, you make me fear you  
—father.'

'What, my wretched child?'

'Wretched—wretched—why am I wretch-  
ed? I am not wretched except that I know  
not the cause of this cruel treatment.'

'Father,' exclaimed Rosa, in a deep voice,  
while Grace looked at her with an anguish  
she did not try to conceal; 'Father—for such  
I must call you though you have forfeited all  
right to that holy title,—unless you confess  
me your child by an honorable marriage, be-  
fore this young woman, your disgrace must  
be made public. You cannot avoid it. Your  
poor wife still lives, and there are clouds of  
witnesses ready to testify to the fact of your  
desert